



anc

10¢

GHOST RIDER

No. 11

# GHOST RIDER

the

...VERSUS...  
THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
WITCH

THE HAND  
FROM



REST  
IN  
PEACE

THE GRAVE

Assignment



GHOST RIDER







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





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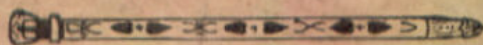
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# GHOST RIDER

the

RISE FROM THE GRAVE, DREAD SPIRITS OF DARKNESS! COME TO ME, MY ONLY FRIENDS....

THEY WRITHE GROTESQUELY—THESE LEPROUS FORMS CALLED FROM THE DEAD BY THE CHANTING OF THE HALF-MAD GIRL..... THEY HOVER ABOVE HER—THEIR LIPS SEALED, THEIR DEEP-SOCKETED EYES GLEAMING WITH EVIL....

AND THUS—ON AN EERIE MOON-DRENCHED NIGHT BEGINS THE GRIM TALE OF THE GHOST RIDER VERSUS

The Beautiful WITCH



THEY HAVE RISEN...! NOW... SLOWLY, SLOWLY, THEY BEGIN GLIDING FORWARD—!

I COMMAND YOU TO SPEAK TO ME! STAND BACK! STAND—AIEEEEEE!

BUT THEY HAVE WILLS OF THEIR OWN! THEY GLIDE FORWARD, FASTER AND FASTER—AND HORRIBLE GRINS TWIST THEIR FACES WHEN THE GIRL CRUMPLES IN A DEAD FAINT TO THE FLOOR—!





# THE GHOST RIDER



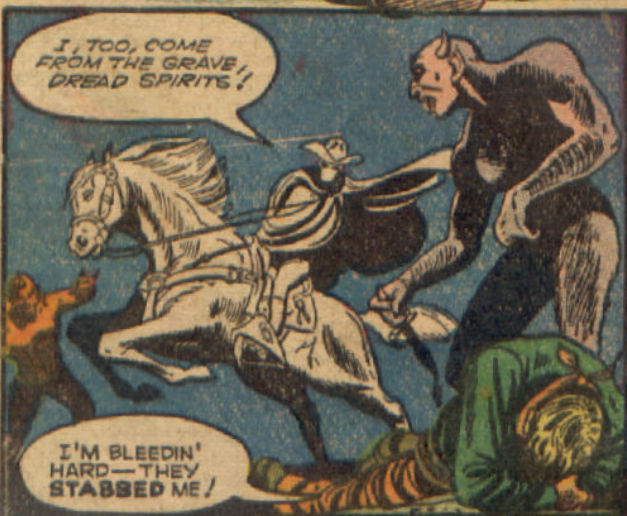
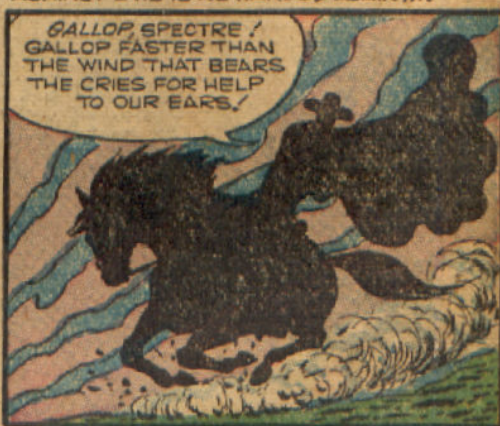
THE EARTH TREMBLES... AS THEY LEAP DOWN FROM THE WINDOW — FREE TO TERRORIZE THE LIVING!



A SHORT TIME LATER, A PONY EXPRESS RIDER IS FORCED TO PULL REIN HARD!



AND THE GHOST RIDER'S LONELY VIGIL AGAINST EVIL IS REWARDED AGAIN...





# THE GHOST RIDER

TOMORROW COMES... AND  
REX FURY RIDES TOWARD  
A RAMSHACKLE HOUSE ON  
THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN—



SOUNDS FAR-FETCHED, BUT  
THE LOCAL SHERIFF REPORTS  
TALK OF A WITCH WHO  
SUMMONS UP THOSE EVIL  
DEMONS FROM THE GRAVE.  
THAT'S HER HOUSE UP  
AHEAD....

WHO'S  
THAT AT  
THUH  
DOOR...?



I'M REX FURY—  
FEDERAL MARSHAL.  
DOES LISE MINTON  
LIVE HERE?

SHORE DOES—SHE'S  
MY NIECE! AN' IF  
YUH'VE COME TO ASK  
ABOUT THOSE DEMONS  
FOLKS SAY SHE CALLS  
UP FROM THUH GRAVE,  
I KIN TELL YUH RIGHT  
OFF—**THUH STORIES  
ARE TRUE!** LET ME  
TELL YUH ABOUT THUH  
PORE GIRL, MARSHAL...

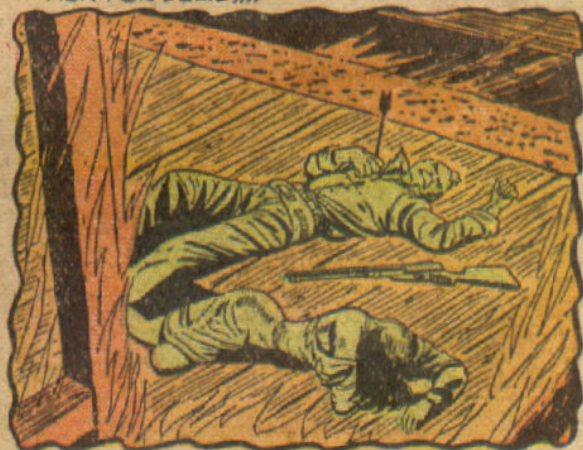


"WASN'T MORE'N A YEAR AGO THET A PASSEL  
OF ARAPAHOS RAIDED HER FATHER'S RANCH..."

"THUH ARAPAHOS KILLED HER FATHER,  
BURNED THUH RANCH DOWN, AN' LEFT  
HER FOR DEAD...."



PALEFACES  
STEAL OUR  
LAND! KILL!  
KILL!



"WHEN SHE CAME TO, AN' SAW THUH BURNED-DOWN  
RANCH AN' HER PORE FATHER'S BODY, HER MIND  
SNAPPED.... SHE CRAWLED AWAY...."

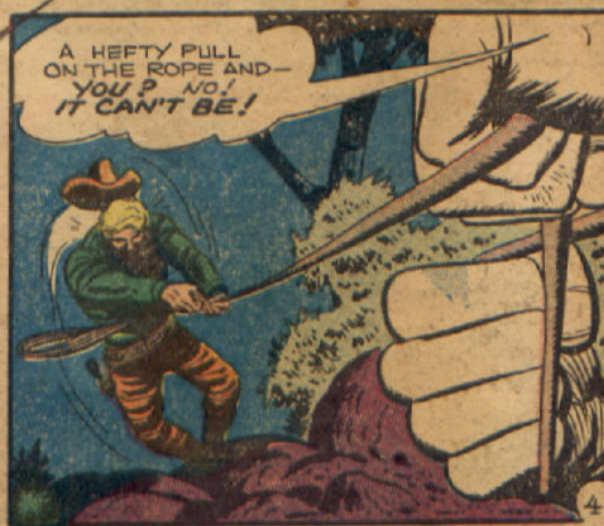
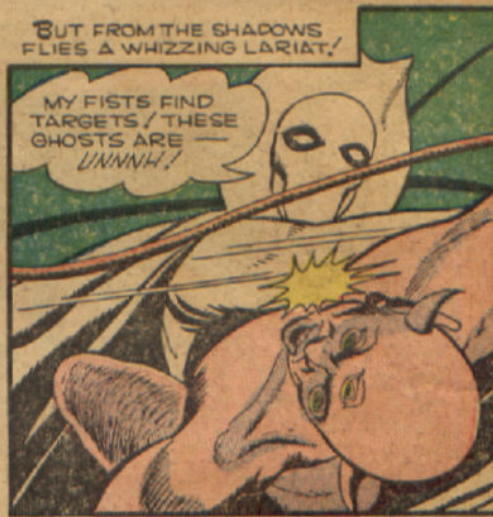
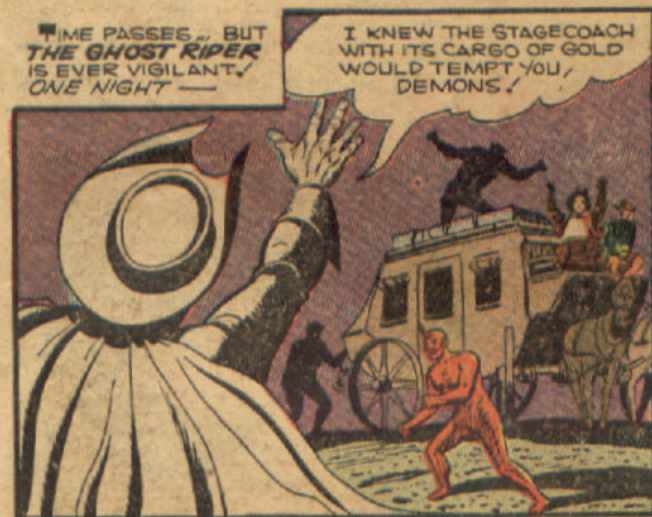
"BEIN' HER ONLY KIN... I WAS GLAD  
TO GIVE HER LODGIN'... BUT SHE'S A  
MIGHTY STRANGE GIRL, MARSHAL.  
SINCE SHE'S COME HERE, I'VE SEEN  
SIGHTS THET TURNED MY HAIR FROM  
BROWN TO WHITE IN SIX MONTHS...."



MY FRIENDS, MY  
ONLY FRIENDS...

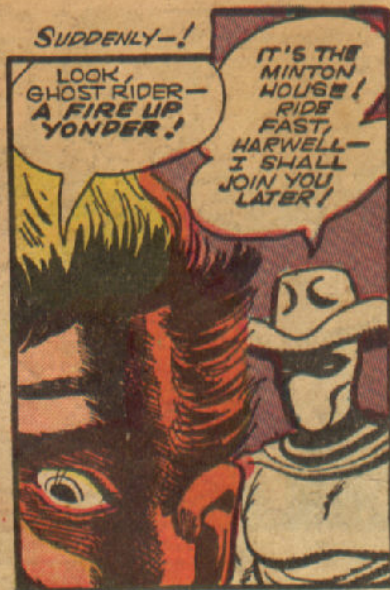


# THE GHOST RIDER





# THE GHOST RIDER

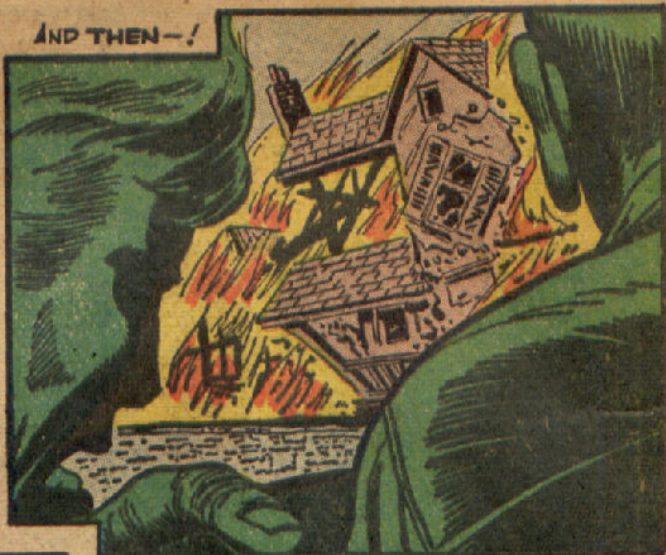




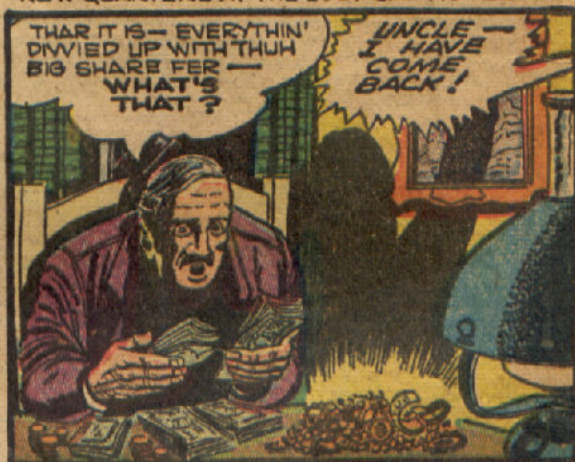
# THE GHOST RIDER

A MOMENT LATER, THE "WITCH" VANISHES—!

AND THEN—!



MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT, IN THE UNCLE'S NEW QUARTERS AT THE LOST GAP HOTEL—



CRAZED WITH FEAR, THE UNCLE RUNG FOR THE DOOR, ONLY TO BE MET BY—!



I'LL CONFESS—I GAVE YUH THUH BLACK MAGIC BOOK, LISE—I PUT THE WHOLE IDEA IN YOUR ADDLED HEAD! THEN WHEN YUH'D CALL THUH SPOOKS, I HAD MY GANG, DRESSED CRAZY— LIKE, COME UP THRU A TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR— THAT WAY FOLKS THOUGHT SPOOKS WAS DOIN' ALL THUH ROBBIN'. I BURNED THUH HOUSE DOWN— WITH YOU IN IT— WHEN THET FEDERAL MARSHAL GOT TOO NOSEY—



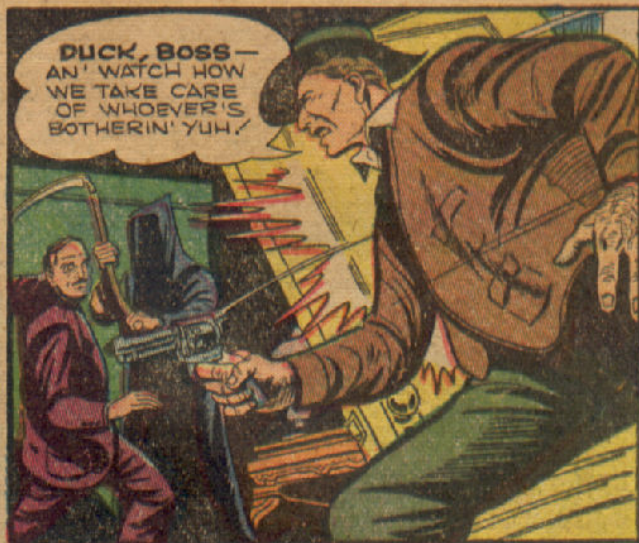


# THE GHOST RIDER

THE UNCLE KEEPS BABBLING — HOPING THAT HE WILL BE HEARD OUTSIDE BY HIS GANG, DUE THAT MOMENT FOR THE FINAL SHARING OF THE LOOT —



SHHH—LISTEN! THUH BOSS IS IN TROUBLE IN THAR! LET'S BREAK IN!



DUCK, BOSS— AN' WATCH HOW WE TAKE CARE OF WHOEVER'S BOTHERIN' YUH!



AND WATCH WHAT A REAL GHOST-FOOT WILL DO TO YOU!



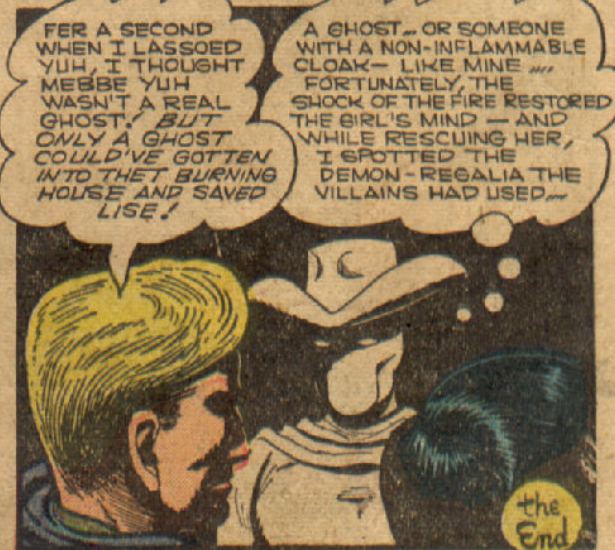
HO HO! PONY EXPRESSIN'S GONNA FEEL TAME AFTER THIS!

YOU WERE THE MASTER-MIND — NOW USE YOUR HEAD!



YOU PLAYED YOUR PARTS WELL...

HOW CAN WE THANK YOU, GHOST RIDER? FIRST YOU SAVED MY LIFE IN THE BURNING HOUSE... AND THEN YOU THOUGHT UP THIS SCHEME TO MAKE MY UNCLE CONFESS!



FER A SECOND WHEN I LASSEOD YUH, I THOUGHT MEBBE YUH WASN'T A REAL GHOST! BUT ONLY A GHOST COULD'VE GOTTEN INTO THET BURNING HOUSE AND SAVED LISE!

A GHOST... OR SOMEONE WITH A NON-INFLAMMABLE CLOAK— LIKE MINE... FORTUNATELY, THE SHOCK OF THE FIRE RESTORED THE GIRL'S MIND — AND WHILE RESCUING HER, I SPOTTED THE DEMON-REGALIA THE VILLAINS HAD USED...

the End



# THE GHOST RIDER

## TALES of the GHOST RIDER

ROGER REYNOLDS TRIED TO BURY THE DEAD, BUT THE MURDERED DEAD DON'T REST EASY IN THEIR CLAMMY, LONELY TOMBS, AND HE WAS THE TERRIFIED VICTIM OF THAT LOATHFUL, MOULDY, GUILT-POINTING GREENISH STUMP OF A ROTTING ARM THAT VILE —



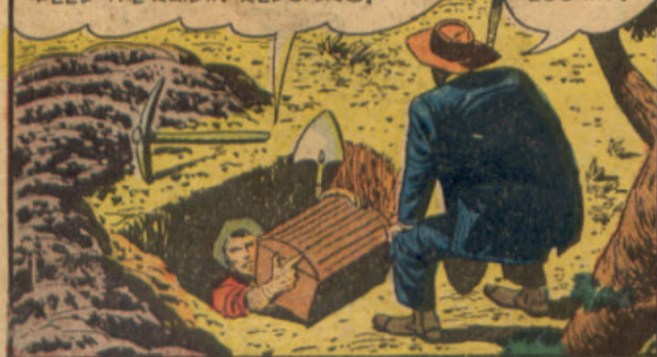
"HAND  
WRENCHED  
FROM THE  
GRAVE"

JAMES NORRIS

OUT THERE ON THE PRAIRIE, WHERE THE SAVAGE SUN BLEACHES THE BARE BONES OF DEAD ANIMALS, TWO TREASURE-SEEKERS DIG — AND ONE RISES TRIUMPHANTLY FROM THE TOMB-LIKE PIT —

ROGER, WE'VE **STRUCK IT THIS TIME!** HERE'S THE JEWEL CHEST THAT OLD MAP SAID THE SPANIARDS BURIED HERE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN THEY FLED THE RAIDIN' REDSKINS!

PASS IT UP, JIM AND KEEP LOOKIN'!



NOTHIN' DOWN HERE, ROGER, NOT EVEN THE USUAL SKELETON OF THE POOR DEVIL WHO DUG THIS CACHE AND WAS BURIED WITH IT TO KEEP ITS SECRET SAFE — RECKON WE DON'T NEED ANY MORE TO STAKE US TO A GOOD LIFE!

BUT IT WILL ONLY BE HALF AS GOOD AS THE LIFE I COULD LEAD IF I OWNED THESE JEWELS ALONE!





# THE GHOST RIDER



I'LL CLIMB UP AND HAVE A LOOKSEE AT THEM—  
**OOPS!**

JIM!  
WHAT'S WRONG?



MY LEG — IT'S SPRAINED  
BAD, ROGER! ... GIMME A  
HAND! ... ROGER, GIMME A  
HAND! DON'T JUST  
STAND THERE! **HEY!**  
YOU'RE KICKIN'  
DIRT DOWN ON  
ME!

A MALICIOUS GRIN  
CROSSES THE FACE  
OF ROGER REYNOLDS,  
AS HIS BOOT PUSHES  
DOWN MORE DIRT...

AS THE HELPLESS  
JIM NORRIS PROTESTS  
IN VAIN, ROGER  
GRASPS THE SHOVEL  
AND FILLS THE PIT...

INCH BY INCH, THE  
TRAPPED MAN IS  
BURIED ALIVE, AS  
THE DIRT REACHES  
HIS CHIN AND HIS  
LIPS PART IN A LAST  
CRY OF WRETCHED  
FURY...

I'LL FOLLOW YOU TO  
THE ENDS OF THE EARTH,  
REYNOLDS — I'LL  
FOLLOW AND  
POINT YOU OUT!



AS THE SMILING MURDERER PATS DOWN THE LAST  
SHOVELFUL OF EARTH AND STEPS BACK —  
SUDDENLY, THE TOP OF THE TOMB SHAKES, THE  
SURFACE IS BROKEN...

HE - HE'S  
STILL ALIVE DOWN  
THERE! HE'S  
TRYING TO  
BREAK OUT!



NORRIS' HAND!  
IN HIS LAST DYIN'  
MOVE, HE'S  
POINTING  
AT ME!



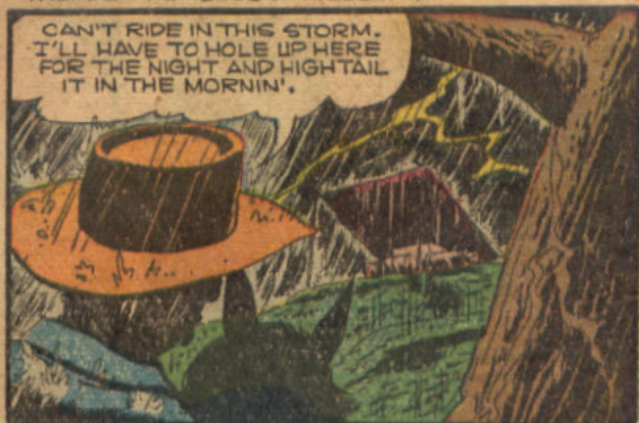


# THE GHOST RIDER



I'M GETTIN' OUT O' HERE! MAKE TRACKS, HOSS!

MINUTES LATER, AS ROGER REYNOLDS REACHES HIS LEAN-TO, A STORM BREAKS ANGRILY ABOVE, AS LIGHTNING STABS ACROSS THE DARK SKY AND THUNDER RUMBLES OMINOUSLY...



CAN'T RIDE IN THIS STORM. I'LL HAVE TO HOLE UP HERE FOR THE NIGHT AND HIGHTAIL IT IN THE MORNIN'.

BUT THAT NIGHT, A DREAM PLAGUES THE GUILTY SLEEP OF ROGER REYNOLDS. A PERSISTENT NIGHTMARE OF A TWO-FINGERED HAND THAT POINTS AND POINTS!



WAKING, HE MOUNTS AND RIDES THROUGH THE STORM ON A FEAR-INSPIRED MISSION OF TERROR...



THE DREAM CAN'T BE TRUE! THE HAND DIDN'T BREAK FREE FROM ITS GRAVE! IT'S ROTTING THERE RIGHT NOW!

BUT AS HE REINS IN NEAR THE STORM-LASHED MURDER SCENE, HIS EYES FOCUS WITH CHILLING HORROR ON THE EARTH-COVERED PIT!

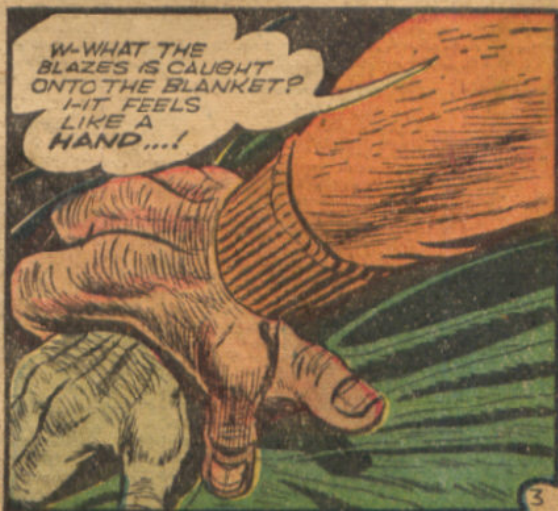


NORRIS' HAND- IT'S GONE!

HALF-CRAZED WITH FRIGHT, HE TREMBLINGLY RETURNS TO HIS BED, UNTIL...



T-THE BLANKETS... SOMETHIN' KEEPS PULLIN' 'EM OFF ME!



W-WHAT THE BLAZE'S IS CAUGHT ONTO THE BLANKET? -IT FEELS LIKE A HAND...!



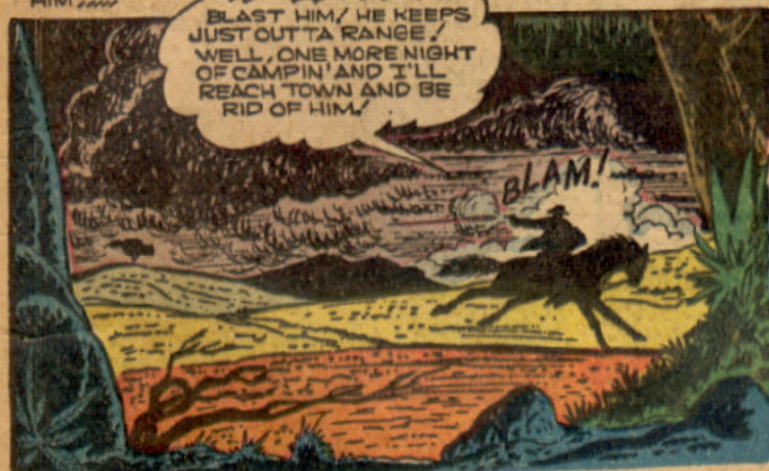
# THE GHOST RIDER



AS DAWN BREAKS ON THE PRAIRIE, ROGER REYNOLDS COMPLETES HIS GRUESOME TASK...



ALL THROUGH THE OVERCAST AND DREARY, BLEAK DAY, AS ROGER REYNOLDS GALLOPS EAST WITH HIS ILL-GOTTEN JEWELS, LIKE A RELENTLESS NEMESIS THE COYOTE SLINKS BEHIND HIM...



BUT THAT NIGHT, AS HE SITS, RIFLE IN HANDS, BY HIS CAMPFIRE, A WEIRD WAILING CRY CUTS THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT, LIKE THE MOAN OF A DYING MAN BREAKING FROM HIS STILL OPEN COFFIN...

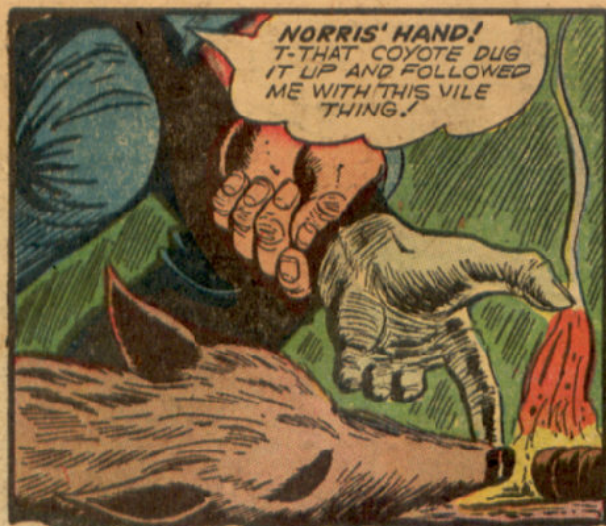


SUDDENLY, THE WAILING STOPS... TWO LUMINOUS EYES GLOW IN THE NIGHT... COMING CLOSER, CLOSER, CLOSER... AS REYNOLDS RAISES HIS GUN IN TERROR AND FIRES...

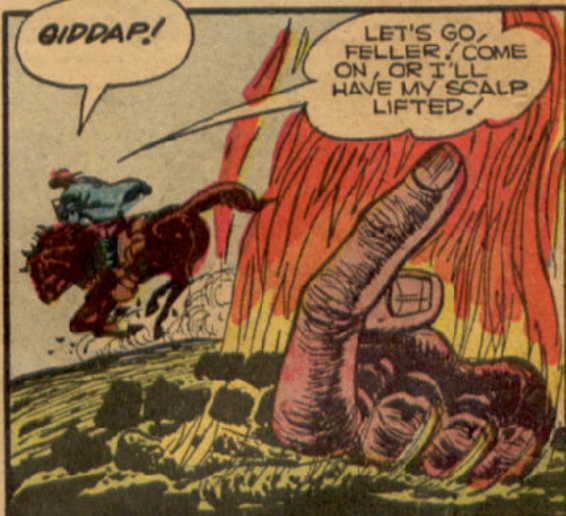




# THE GHOST RIDER



CRINGING IN ABJECT TERROR, THE FEAR-PARALYZED MURDERER PASSES THE NIGHT IN A HIDEOUS VIGIL, HIS EYES FIXED IN MORBID FASCINATION ON THE PUTRID LOATHFUL ARM, AND IN THE MORNING ...



AT AN EXHAUSTING GALLOP, THE FEAR-PLAGUED RIDER REACHES TOWN WHERE HE BUYS A TICKET ON THE EAST-BOUND STAGE ...

THE STAGE LEAVES AT EIGHT IN THE MORNIN', MR. REYNOLDS. IF YOU'D LIKE TO PASS THE TIME INTERESTINGLY, YOU MIGHT TAKE A GANDER AT MY INDIAN RELICS COLLECTION—SCALP LOCKS, SKULLS ...



SAFE! THAT BLASTED MEDDLIN' ARM CAN'T FOLLOW ME HERE—BY NOW IT'S ASHES! TOMORROW NIGHT I'LL BE HOME WITH THE JEWELS—ALL MINE.



NEXT MORNING ...

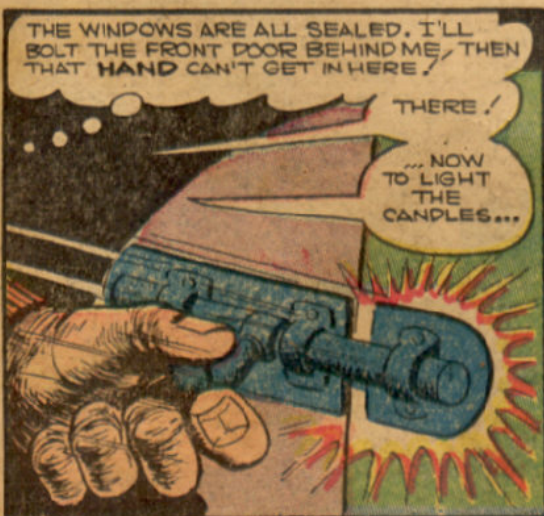
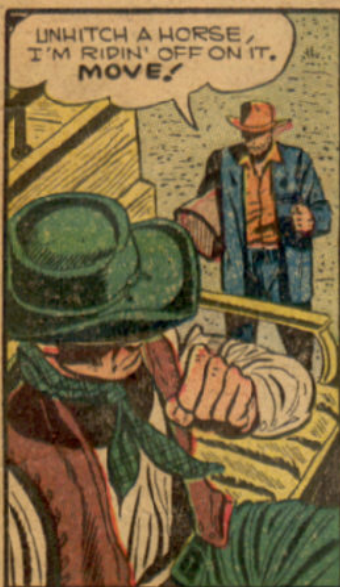
WELL, I DIDN'T FIGURE THE STAGE AGENT WOULD BE MY FELLOW PASSENGER.

JUST RIDIN' TO THE NEXT STOP, MR. REYNOLDS ... SAY, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU A SOUVENIR THE REDSKINS SOLD ME YESTERDAY—IT'S A HUMAN HAND!



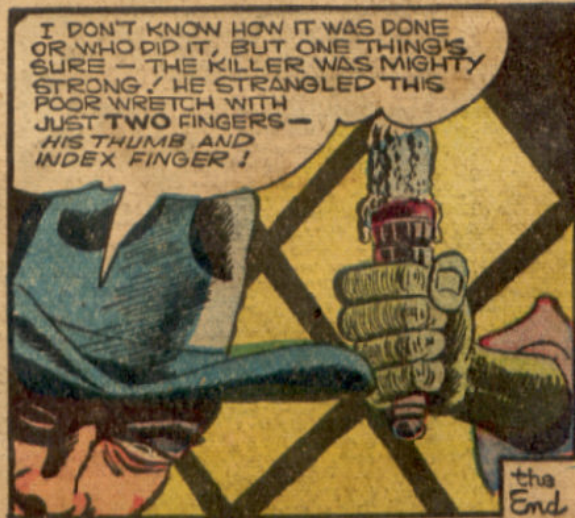


# THE GHOST RIDER





# THE GHOST RIDER





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# THE GHOST RIDER



BACK EAST, A NEWSPAPER EDITOR CALLS IN HIS ACE-REPORTER...



BUT A FEW WORDS LATER, WHEN HAWKINS HEARS WHAT THE ASSIGNMENT IS —





# THE GHOST RIDER

IF ANYBODY CAN DO IT, ACE — **YOU CAN** EVEN IF IT MEANS **CORNERING A GHOST!** YOU'RE THE WORLD'S GREATEST REPORTER — NOTHING CAN STOP YOU ONCE YOU HAVE YOUR HEART SET ON A STORY! REMEMBER THE TIME....



"I SENT YOU TO INTERVIEW THE SHIEK OF BRUKLAN. HE SET HIS NUBIANS ON YOU. BUT WITH THE HELP OF BRASS KNUCKLES AND YOUR IRISH TEMPER — **YOU GOT THE STORY!**"



"THEN THERE WAS THE CANNIBAL CHIEF WHO ORDERED YOU BURNED AT THE STAKE. IN THE NICK OF TIME YOU HELD A NEGATIVE AND SOME SENSITIZED PAPER UP TO THE SUN...."



"AND PRINTED A PHOTO ON THE SPOT. THAT WAS ENOUGH TO CONVINCE THE CHIEF YOU WERE A GREAT MEDICINE MAN. HE FREED YOU — **AND YOU GOT THE STORY!**"



"AND WHAT ABOUT THE TIME YOU CLIMBED THE SECOND HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD TO INTERVIEW THAT MONGOL LLAMA...? **YOU GOT THE STORY, DIDN'T YOU?**"



THAT'S WHY I CHOSE **YOU** TO GO WEST TO INTERVIEW **THE GHOST RIDER** — TO FIND OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL IF HE'S REALLY **SUPERNATURAL**! ARE YOU TURNING ME DOWN, HAWKINS?



NO, CHIEF... I'LL GO. WHEN DO I START?

TONIGHT!

KEEP THE PRESSES READY — THE LOW-DOWN ON THE **GHOST RIDER** IS AS GOOD AS PRINTED RIGHT NOW!





# THE GHOST RIDER

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, A STAGE COACH IS RUMBLING UP A WESTERN ROAD —



THE CHIEF NEVER THOUGHT OF SENDING AN ARTIST ALONG WITH ME TO SKETCH THE GHOST RIDER — WILL HE EXPLODE WHEN HE SEES THE EXPENSE ACCOUNT!

I MAKE PLASTER MASKS, TOO — WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE SHOOTING OUTSIDE!



THAT HE GOES MEN — THAT'S THUH OWLHOOT!

THAT STAGE — IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO HOLD OFF THUH POSSE!



STOP THUH HORSES — FAST, OR YOUR WIDDER'LL BE WISHIN' YUH DID!

HEY — GNNNG!



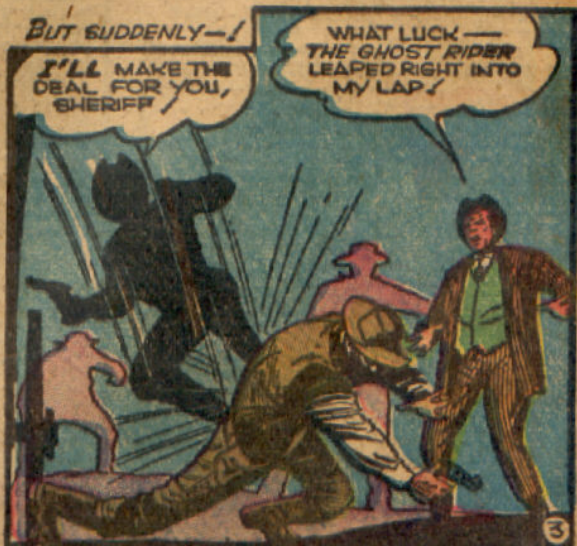
STEP OUTSIDE, FOLKS. AND DON'T BE GETTIN' ANY FUNNY IDEAS WHILE YUH DO —

BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS... HE LOOKS DESPERATE...



COME ONE STEP CLOSER, SHERIFF — AN' YUH'LL BE SPENDIN' THUH WHOLE NIGHT BURYN' THESE FOLKS. THAT IS — UNLESS YUH WANNA MAKE A DEAL WITH ME —

I GOT NO CHOICE NO BARTON'LL KILL THEM IN COLD BLOOD...!



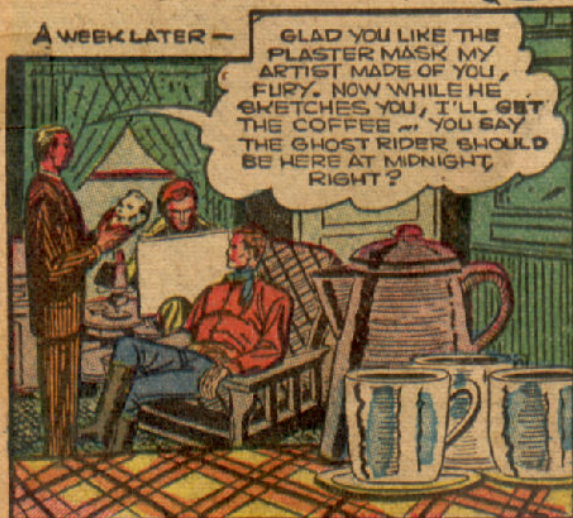
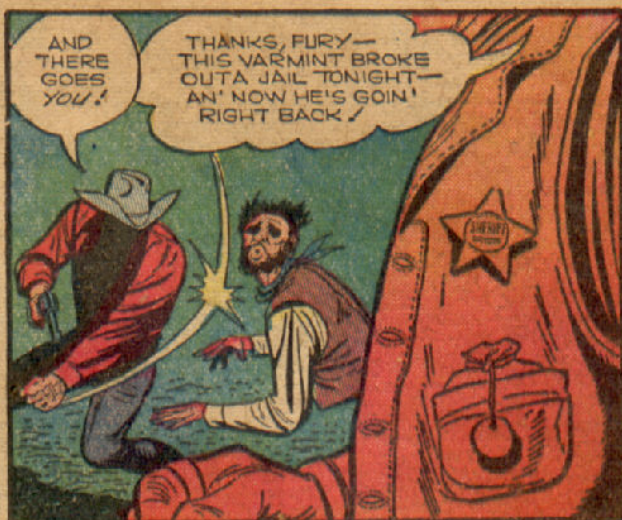
BUT SUDDENLY —!

I'LL MAKE THE DEAL FOR YOU, SHERIFF

WHAT LUCK — THE GHOST RIDER LEAPED RIGHT INTO MY LAP!



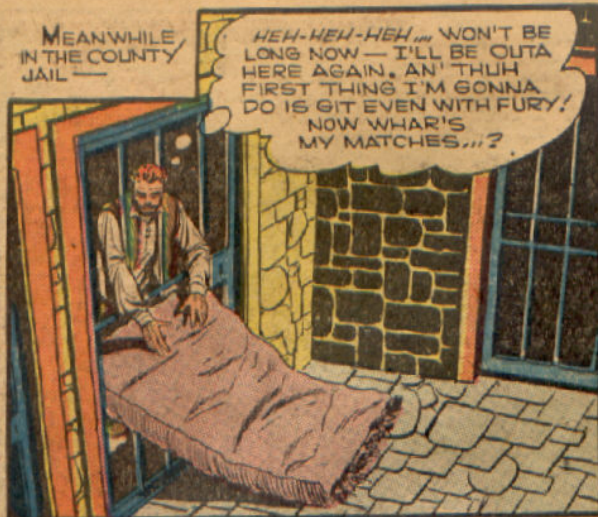
# THE GHOST RIDER





# THE GHOST RIDER

MEANWHILE  
IN THE COUNTY  
JAIL —



HEH-HEH-HEH... WON'T BE LONG NOW — I'LL BE OUTA HERE AGAIN. AN' THUH FIRST THING I'M GONNA DO IS GIT EVEN WITH FURY! NOW WHAR'S MY MATCHES...?



FIRE! FIRE!

WHUT'S THET SMOKE?



THOUGHT THIS'D MAKE YUH BEND DOWN IN FRONT OF MY CELL! NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS LIFT YORE KEYS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER —



REX FURY — HERE I COME!

BACK IN HAWKINS' ROOM —



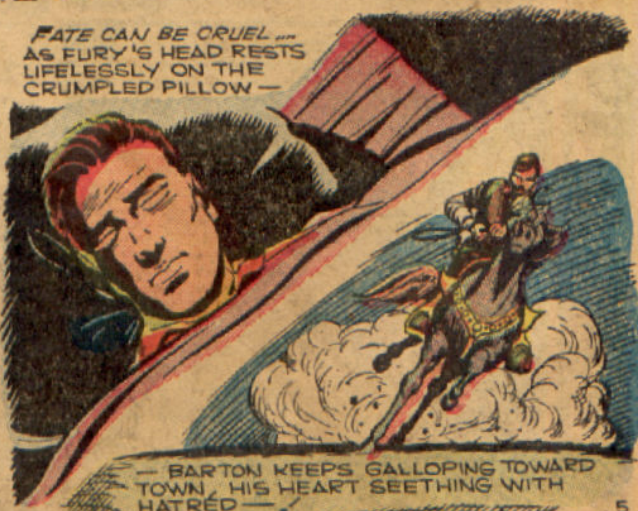
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FURY? YOU LOOK LIKE AN ELEPHANT JUST KICKED YOU.

THAT COFFEE... I FEEL... SO SLEEPY... BETTER GET BACK... TO MY... HOTEL...



SOMETHING... SOMETHING... MUST'VE BEEN IN THAT COFFEE... GOT TO GET BACK TO MY ROOM...

FATE CAN BE CRUEL... AS FURY'S HEAD RESTS LIFELESSLY ON THE CRUMPLED PILLOW —



— BARTON KEEPS GALLOPING TOWARD TOWN, HIS HEART SEETHING WITH HATRED —



# THE GHOST RIDER

THE HOOF S OF BARTON'S HORSE ARE STILL THUNDERING IN THE DISTANCE, AS ANOTHER MAN COMES STEALTHILY TO THE WINDOW OF FURY'S ROOM —



EVERYTHING'S GOING JUST THE WAY I PLANNED IT — THERE'S FURY STRETCHED OUT ON HIS BED LIKE A LAMB...

JUST THEN —

STAND BACK, TENDERFOOT! THAT'S WHAR FURY HOLES UP — AN' I AIM TO CRASH IN AN' KILL THUH BUZZARD!

IT'S MY FAULT THAT FURY'S LYING THERE HELPLESS!



I CAN'T STAND BY AND SEE HIM KILLED!

I WARNED YUH TO STAND BACK, YUH FOOL! NOW IT'S TOO LATE!



TOO LATE FOR WHAT, MAN OF EVIL?

THE GHOST RIDER! I WAS WRONG! HE AND REX FURY AREN'T THE SAME MAN!



I HAVE CROSSED THE BORDER BETWEEN DEATH AND LIFE TO —

YOUR SPUR! IT'S CAUGHT IN THE STIRRUP, GHOST RIDER!



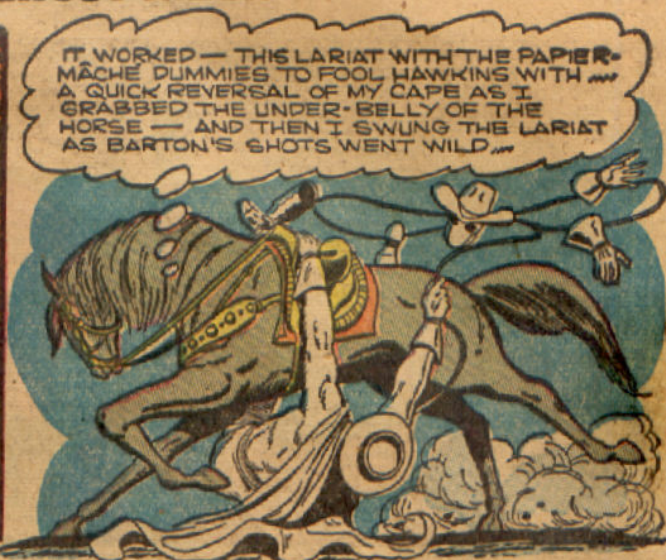
THANK YUH, GHOST RIDER — YUH'RE GIVIN' ME A PERFECT TARGET!



WATCH CLOSE, NEWSPAPERMAN — YUH'RE SEEIN' THUH FINISH OF THUH GHOST RIDER!



# THE GHOST RIDER



the  
End



# THE GHOST RIDER

## TALES of the GHOST RIDER

**T**HIS WAS HELL...  
AND THE DEVILS  
WERE GIVING  
MIKE SCALLON A  
WORKOUT—!

HE  
DOES NOT  
SCREAM!

HE  
DOES NOT  
SUFFER  
ENOUGH!

WHAT A LAUGH—THESE NUTS  
EXPECTIN' THIS TO HURT ME!  
ME WHO WAS IN MORE'N A  
THOUSAND KNIFE FIGHTS WHEN  
I WAS ALIVE ....!



## "TORTURES of the DAMNED"

SO THE DEVILS TRIED PULLING  
SCALLON OVER BURNING COALS—!

ARE YOU  
SURE THE  
COALS ARE  
HOT  
ENOUGH?

THEY  
HAVE  
NEVER  
BEEN  
HOTTER!

WHEN'RE  
THEY GONNA  
WISE UP?  
**ME**, WHO USED  
TO CROSS DEATH  
VALLEY AT LEAST  
TWICE A YEAR  
WHEN I WAS ALIVE,  
THEY'RE TRYIN' TO  
HURT WITH  
**HEAT!**

SO THE DEVILS  
TRIED WHIPS—

MEBBE IN A MILLION  
YEARS FROM NOW  
THESE NUTS WILL  
REALIZE THET I GOT  
CALLOUSES AN INCH  
THICK ALL OVER  
MY BACK ...!





# THE GHOST RIDER

SO, THE DEVILS TRIED THE LAKE OF FIRE—!



AAAAH—I HAVEN'T HAD A GOOD HOT BATH FOR A LONG TIME—!



WHAT CAN WE DO? THIS MORTAL SEEMS TO BE IMMUNE TO ALL OUR TORTURES!

SATAN WILL BE FURIOUS... WAIT! THERE IS **ONE** THING WE HAVEN'T TRIED YET! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK—!

THE DEVIL RETURNED WITH A LENGTH OF THICK COARSE ROPE—!



WE'LL SEE HOW HE FARES WITH THE HANGING TORTURE!

NO, NO—NOT THAT!



PLEASE, PLEASE—I'LL DO ANYTHIN' YUH SAY, BUT DON'T HANG ME! THAT'S THE ONLY THING I'VE EVER BEEN SKEERED OF!



NO! NO! AA ARGH!

WAKE UP, SCALLON—IT'S TIME! WHATSAMATTER—YUH HAVE A BAD DREAM?



YEAH, THAT'S WHUT IT WAS—ONLY A DREAM! THANK'S FER WAKIN' ME UP...

YUH WON'T BE BOTHERED BY DREAMS ANY MORE, SCALLON...

THE DREAM WAS SO HORRIBLE—THAT AS SCALLON CLIMBS THE THIRTEEN STEPS, HE CAN STILL THINK OF NOTHING ELSE—



BRR— I STILL CAN'T STOP THINKIN' OF THET DREAM! THANK'S AGAIN FER WAKIN' ME UP!

the End





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## THE GHOST RIDER

THE

# GHOST RIDER

THE WIND SOBBED THAT NIGHT... BUT DEATH CHUCKLED—FOR MURDER WAS BEING COMMITTED AT THE EDGE OF THE JAGGED CLIFF... "HURRY," DEATH WHISPERED "HURRY—I HAVE A PORTRAIT TO PAINT TONIGHT."

BUT THE VICTIM'S CRIES HAVE BEEN HEARD BY THE GHOST RIDER—AND THUS BEGINS THE TALE OF THE GRIM SECRET BEHIND...

**"The  
HAUNTED  
PORTRAIT!"**

ALAS, I HEARD HIS CRIES TOO LATE... BUT NO—THERE IS STILL ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION!

YUH'VE REACHED THUH END OF THUH LINE — YUH SQUEALIN' RAT!

**AIEEEEE!**

HEH-HEH-HEH — THUH BOSS DON'T HAVE TO WORRY NO MORE ABOUT HIM SOLLIN' THE BEANS!

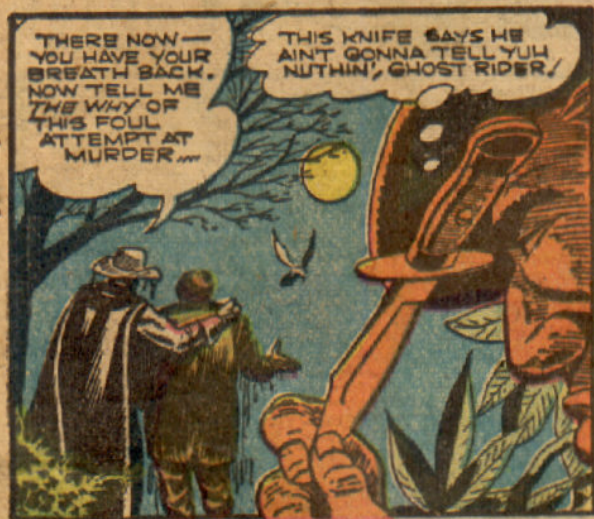
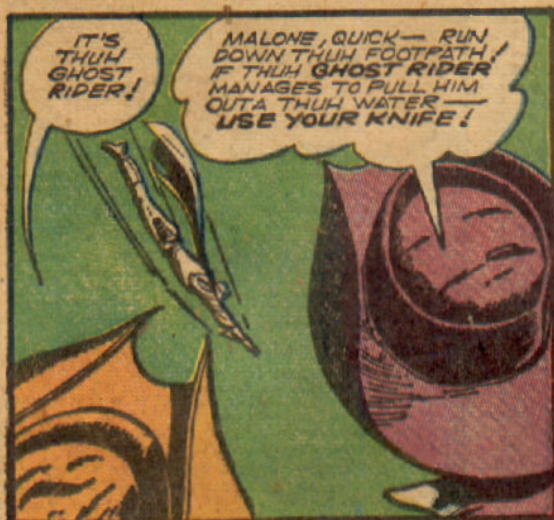
**SPLASH**

LOOK! WHUT'S THET FLASHIN' THRU THUH SKY?

NO! IT CAN'T BE!



# THE GHOST RIDER





# THE GHOST RIDER

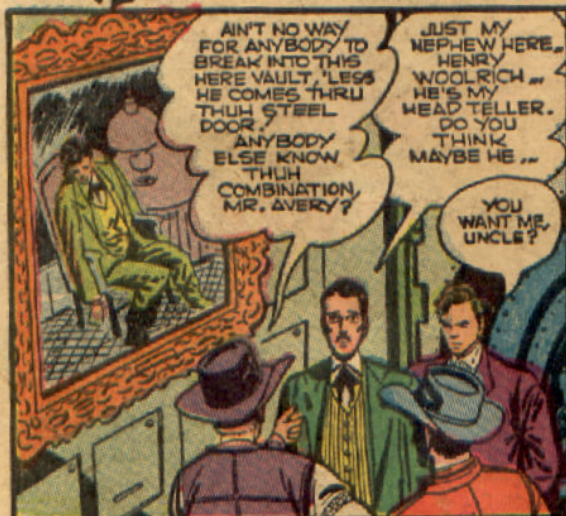
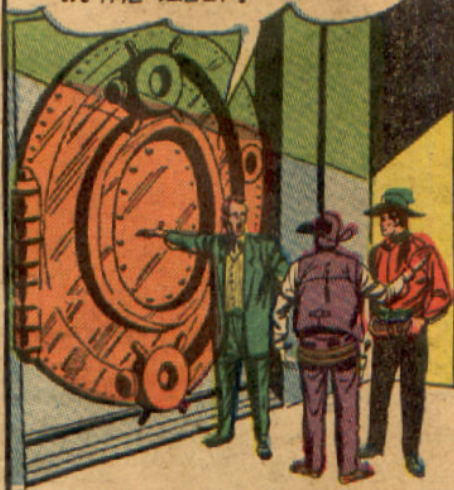
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TRY TO CALM DOWN.... IT BEGAN WITH A NIGHTMARE, I DREAMT I WAS IN A SHADOWY HALL. THERE WERE DEMONS ALL AROUND ME — AND DEATH WAS PAINTING MY PORTRAIT....

"I TRIED TO GET UP FROM THE CHAIR — BUT I COULDN'T MOVE..."

YOU AND THIS PORTRAIT ARE ONE, JULIAN AVERY! AS IT DIES, SO SHALL YOU! WHEN THE FIGURE ON THE CANVAS FALLS FROM THE CHAIR, AND LIES ON THE FLOOR, A CRUMPLED, LOATHSOME HEAP — YOU SHALL DISAPPEAR FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



I THOUGHT JUST WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, SHERIFF — NOTHING BUT A DREAM — BUT WHEN I GOT TO THE BANK THIS MORNING... THE PICTURE WAS HANGING IN THE VAULT!



AIN'T NO WAY FOR ANYBODY TO BREAK INTO THIS HERE VAULT, 'LESS HE COMES THRU THUH STEEL DOOR.

ANYBODY ELSE KNOW THUH COMBINATION, MR. AVERY?

JUST MY NEPHEW HERE, HENRY WOOLRICH — HE'S MY HEAD TELLER. DO YOU THINK MAYBE HE...

YOU WANT ME, UNCLE?



WHUT DO YOU THINK, FURY...?

GIVE ORDERS THAT THE VAULT BE LOCKED AND SEALED — AND NOBODY'S TO OPEN IT TILL WE COME BACK TOMORROW.

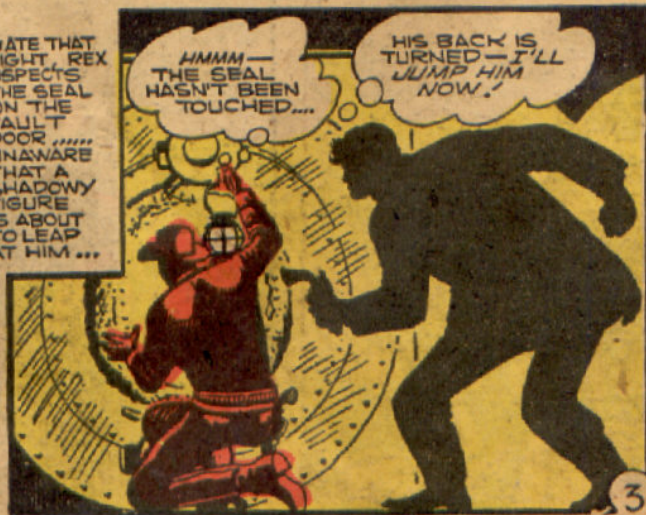
... THERE'S A QUEER SMELL, LIKE SOMETHING BURNING, IN HERE...

AS THE SHERIFF GRILLS HENRY WOOLRICH, REX FURY SUPERVISES THE SEALING OF THE VAULT...



WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKING, I'LL PRESS MY GHOST RIDER RING ON THE SOFT WAX. THAT WAY, TOMORROW I'LL BE ABLE TO TELL IF THE SEAL HAS BEEN BROKEN, THEN REPLACED...

LATE THAT NIGHT, REX INSPECTS THE SEAL ON THE VAULT DOOR... UNAWARE THAT A SHADOWY FIGURE IS ABOUT TO LEAP AT HIM...

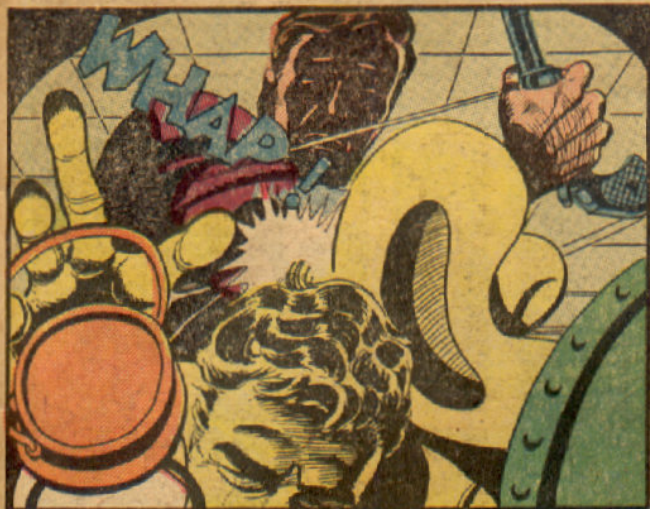


HMMM — THE SEAL HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED...

HIS BACK IS TURNED — I'LL JUMP HIM NOW!



# THE GHOST RIDER



FURY'S HEAD IS THROBBING WITH PAIN. HE BARELY HAS TIME TO GET SET — WHEN HIS ASSAILANT RUSHES TOWARD HIM AGAIN —



LIKE BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE, THEY FIGHT — PANTING SAVAGELY IN THE DARK. SUDDENLY, ONE OF THEM GOES DOWN.

SIGHING WEARILY, THE VICTOR PICKS UP THE LANTERN, STRIKES A MATCH...



AVERY'S NEPHEW! TALK FAST, WOOLRICH — WHAT WERE YOU DOING HERE TONIGHT? WHY DID YOU JUMP ME?

T-T CAME BACK TO THE BANK TO... ER... SIGN SOME PAPERS. I DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WERE. I THOUGHT YOU WERE TRYING TO GET INTO THE VAULT.



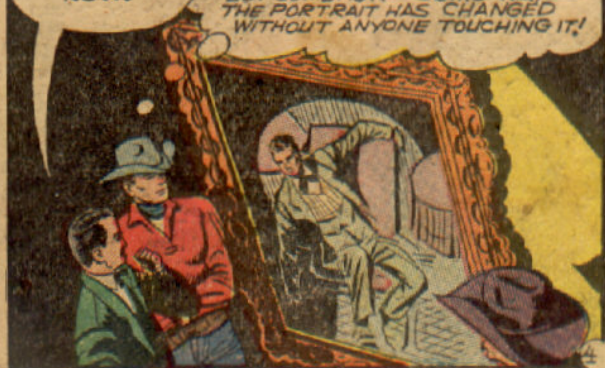
I CAN'T DISPROVE WHAT HE SAYS, BUT I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM FROM NOW ON.

UP ON YOUR FEET, WOOLRICH — YOU AND I ARE WALKING BACK TO YOUR LODGINGS TOGETHER.

THE NEXT MORNING, AVERY, THE SHERIFF AND REX FURY INSPECT THE INSIDE OF THE VAULT.

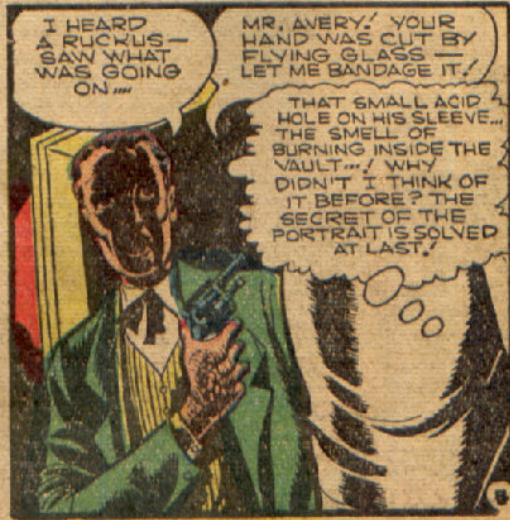
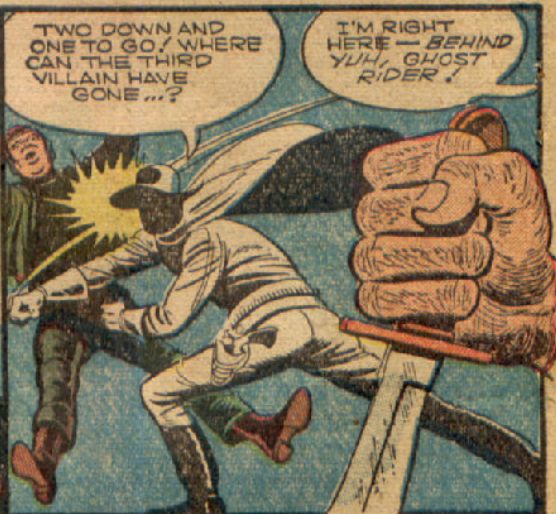
LOOK — THE FIGURE'S ALMOST ON THE FLOOR NOW!

THAT BURNING SMELL AGAIN... BUT WHAT'S ASTOUNDING IS THAT THE SEAL WAS UNBROKEN... IT HARD TO BELIEVE BUT SOMEHOW — SOME WAY — THE PORTRAIT HAS CHANGED WITHOUT ANYONE TOUCHING IT!



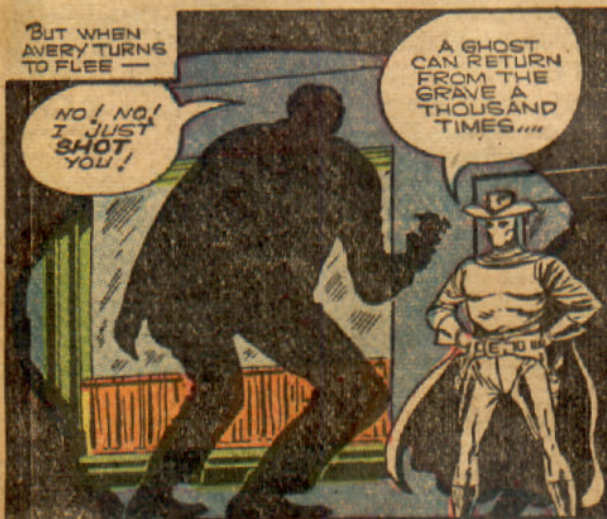
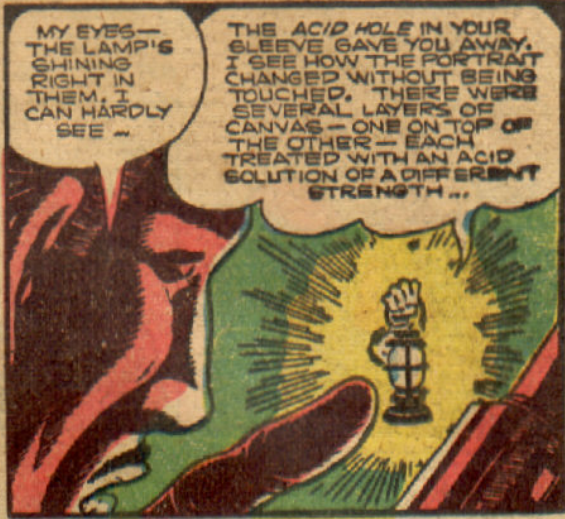


# THE GHOST RIDER





# THE GHOST RIDER







## Jimmy Proved His Point! ... So Can You

Hey fellows, when talking baseball, feel ignored? Some guy always hogging the conversation, pretends to know all the stories, all the strategy?

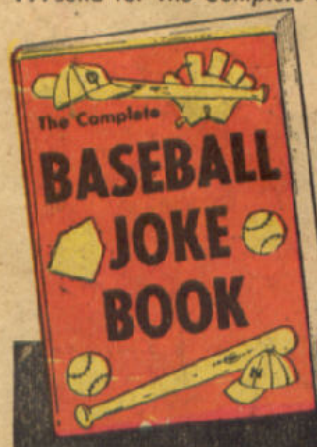
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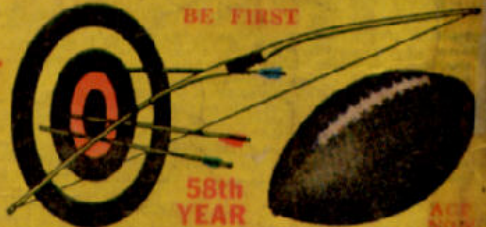
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